# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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## Editorial.

PROF. G. R. FREEMAN, of the Meadville Theological School, is to give a paper before the Western Conference in May, on "The Liberal Minister, His Equipment and Place." This will give our western friends a chance to hear this new teacher at the school of the prophets, whose words the students are listening to with such delight; and we trust will bring the school itself into more sympathetic touch with the western work, to which it belongs, and for the sake of which it was called into being.

BY some mistake we have received no editorial copy of the *New World*, but we have caught a glimpse of the first number, though too late for the notice it deserves. The names of Lyman Abbott, C. C. Everett, Professors Schurman and Toy, J. Estlin Carpenter, Slicer, Alger and Hall, are sufficient guarantees of excellence and interest. The article on "The New Orthodoxy," by E. H. Hall, is particularly timely. Let all who can read it, and they will be better able to appreciate the more extended word in the next issue.

MR. SAVAGE always has something sensible and practical to say in his sermons, and always says it well; but in his sermon of March 18, on the mutual rights of children and parents, he surpasses himself. With rare eloquence and force he insists that children have the right to be well born and well bred—the right to have a sound mind in a sound body and to have a practical training that shall fit them for life's duties, even though it may not fit them for college; and that no parent has any right to strike a child in anger. And he is inclined to think the rod is never justifiable. "Spoil the rod and spare the child," is his rendering of the Scripture. And with righteous indignation he denounces those parents of a liberal religious belief who allow their children to be cramped and narrowed by being trained in the old illiberal beliefs. It is altogether a sermon that ought to be read by every father and mother, both present and prospective, in the land.

THE English barmaid is a rather picturesque figure on the stage and in the novel, but like the picturesque in general, covers some very false and dangerous conceptions. It is matter of patriotic pride, as well as gratitude on the score of the moral principles involved, that this feature of English social life has not met with favorable acceptance in this country. The supporters of New York saloons, we are told, do not like the picture of a young woman behind the counter, dispensing beer and whisky. There is another difficulty in the way: The imported waitress is accustomed only to serving beer; she does not understand our American "system" of mixed drinks, and her national instincts are offended with it. Still the promoters of this innovation are not wholly discouraged; barmaids have been introduced into the saloons of Florida. The type of girl who will respond to this demand will be readily surmised, and a new element of disgrace and danger is added to resorts of this kind. It is encouraging to be told that a movement is on foot to suppress this institution (?) in England, through the circulation of a weekly paper, called the *Barmaid*, in which its evil results are startlingly set forth.

REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY writes to the *Universalist* to defend himself against a recent statement of his views by Rev. M. J. Savage. Mr. MacQueary's views on this subject, so difficult and delicate to the mind just escaped from orthodoxy, are only faintly clouded with the old preconceptions of miracle, and are quite in the line of modern rationalistic teaching. He regards Jesus as the most perfect human type, differing in degree, not in kind, from the other great leaders of the world's ethnic religions. He belongs in the line of evolution; but Mr. MacQueary seems to think he holds a different notion of that philosophy when he says, "God is the cause of evolution." The *Universalist* receives Mr. MacQueary's conclusions on this point with regret, holding that "evolution, in its moral and spiritual relations, is not capable of accounting for and explaining Jesus the Christ, or the phenomena of Christianity." Evolutionists may accept these teachings with entire content, but they can not satisfy the true religionist. "Christ is not a product, but a creation, unique and singular, and comes to us as a revelation and not as an outgrowth of humanity in any of its forms." We have here the expression of conservative Universalism, marked by that beneficent spirit towards its fellowmen which the followers of Ballou and Chapin have always shown, but holding to supernaturalism still; willing and anxious to save the entire race, but seeing no way except through miracle and a setting aside of nature's general laws.

THE demand of the uninstructed heart, said a friend of the writer the other day, discussing the old problem of life and its uses, is for a fresh chance, an opportunity to begin over again, unobstructed by the hindrances and discouragements imposed in the failures of the past. "We want a new deal." But no one gets a new deal, our philosophical friend went on to say, until he has learned the foolishness of asking for it; to take himself as he is, mistakes, follies, sins and all. Knowing himself, having made rational estimate of his own powers and capacities, he ceases to aspire after the impossible, to weaken effort with fruitless dreams and repinings; he has found his true place in the world and enters that world cheerfully, with newly restored courage and hope, every morning. There is no soul, however obscure or poorly-endowed, that can not thus evolve a world of its own, where it reigns, a supreme and needed force, loved and loving, as no other can, where it serves diviner ends than any form of human greatness can attain, and where the sweetest rewards await to crown and lift to further heights.

THERE was a meeting of English authors recently in London for the furthering of a project to erect a monument to James Russell Lowell in Westminster. A committee was appointed to raise the necessary funds and the movement seems likely to meet with the speedy and brilliant success it deserves. The English are undoubted admirers of Lowell, and generally intelligent, but a paragraph lately published in the London *Queen*, reporting a meeting in Brooklyn to commemorate the dead poet and also to raise money for a Lowell Kindergarten, in which George William Curtis took part and a letter from Dr. Holmes was read, has excited much amusement. It speaks of the "Fable for Critics" as a new book, and expresses the opinion that all friends of the poet can not but regret its posthumous publication, pronouncing it a "mere skit written in a loose and wearisome measure, upon his literary contemporaries in America." The fact that most of these contemporaries "are unknown or disregarded on this side" makes the *Queen* deplore the poem's publication still more.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* writes that the little building in Concord built for the purposes of the famous Concord School of Philosophy, and called by the residents "The Chapel," is now used as a store-house for the furniture and other personal belongings of the Alcott family. The sign, "Private Grounds. No Trespassing," still remains, and is apparently needed, for there are plenty of visitors at the shrine of learning and high thought still, but they gaze and worship from afar, that is, from the street. Some day it is predicted a storm will carry the little building away, but if it does the memory of the purpose for which it was erected, and of the gatherings of earnest men and women it has sheltered, albeit their discourse sometimes excited as much laughter as reverence, will remain. Few towns are so rich in landmarks of American thought and progress as Concord; the American Mecca of thought and learning for ages to come.

MRS. WARD has given the problem of heredity a prominent place in her latest work, David Grieve, though treating it in what some of us who admire the book most can not but feel a too literal and rather extreme manner; and it therefore becomes of interest to trace her own connection and the degree of influence it has exerted on her work, with the illustrious family to which she belongs and to whose fame she has added new lustre. Her father as is well-known, was a brother of Matthew Arnold, who, we are told, was a distinguished scholar and able writer, mainly upon English topics. He became in time a member of the Roman Catholic church. All the Arnolds have a strong natural leaning towards religious ideas. "Robert Elsmere" has been called "Literature and Dogma" in fiction. But the interest of the author of the latter work seems to have been chiefly intellectual and critical. A writer on this topic in *Book News* says not very complimentarily, "he liked to go to church and be pleasantly invited to excellent thoughts and sentiments, meanwhile not believing any of the doctrines expressed by the liturgy and propounded by the preacher." But the author of "David Grieve" has a living interest in those higher truths of religion and social philosophy she expounds in her stories; she and her friends having some time ago founded something like a new religious movement in London, intended to make practical exemplification of the power of an ethical and humanitarian faith to meet the moral and intellectual needs of mankind.

### An Orthodox View of the Religious Congress.

Professor Herrick Johnson, D.D., has a frank and not commendatory word to say on the proposed Religious Parliament in a recent number of the *Independent*, which as an unqualified expression of an unqualified orthodox is worthy attention.

The first thing that strikes the critic is "the moral incongruity of the whole movement." That a committee of Christian clergymen, pledged to the establishment of their peculiar doctrine as not only the best and soundest form of religious belief, but as the only one by which man may be saved, should thus engage in an enterprise to bring the representatives of all those very faiths together, which this Christianity is engaged in disapproving and destroying, and for the purposes of mutual counsel and comparison, is a matter of both astonishment and perplexity to the rev-

erend doctor. "For this Christian people to be a party to this disseminating the seeds of the world's religious errors broadcast over this land, because of the privilege of disseminating along with these tares the good wheat of Christ's word, is a folly the like of which the Christian world has never seen."

The second objection is that such a scheme "confounds moral distinctions." The "common" platform and fellowship, which in the minds of the founders of this work constitutes its great merit, is calculated to obscure and overlay all just distinctions as to the peculiar claim of Christianity above the other religions represented. It is rather against the plan than for it that such a gathering will tend to do away with certain antagonisms, for "when such antagonisms melt into friendships, who does not know that a fearfully leveling and confusing process has gone on in the realm of moral conviction?" There is a merging, Dr. Johnson tells us, that is only submerging.

The third objection is that the "fraternity" it is here proposed to establish between widely separated peoples and forms of thought, is not of the kind laid down in the teachings of Jesus. Here we have reached an interesting point. The human brotherhood which the founder of Christianity sought to establish was, we are told, that of belief in his personal leadership as the world's Messiah. "I am the way," quotes the doctor, and "no man cometh to the Father but by me." "Christianity instead of seeking anything in common between itself and other religions is bound to separate itself as far as possible." It is "intolerant of every other faith, and must be, or abate its high claims and discrown its Lord. It is in the world for conquest, not communion; for antagonism, not fellowship. It will not brook idolatry in any form. It will not brook Buddha or Brahma. For these and all other false faiths it has no affiliation—only annihilation." This is at least explicit.

To the question as to whether there is not much that is good in these heathen beliefs, Dr. Johnson answers, yes, and adds that so there is in the devil. The devil, he goes on to say, is "the most eminent religionist in the universe." This is proved by his energy, his zeal, his prodigious enterprise, and the fact that he believes in God. He should be invited to the Parliament of Religions, says the doctor. We have no doubt if he will agree to produce him the committee stands ready to prove its hospitality.

There is something both melancholy and inspiring in this kind of talk. It is long since we have come across such a downright and unmodified statement of evangelicism and its claim of empire. Evangelical Christianity has a right to dogmatize, a logical right, that is. If Christianity is the only faith by which the souls of men can be saved, then Dr. Johnson is right, and it has no time, and is under no obligation, to study the merits of other systems, in the name of fraternity, fellowship, comparative religion or any other. Its sole business is to proselyte, convict and save. But the doctor forgets that this view of the faith he holds to so steadfastly, with the single-minded devotion of a Loyola or Cotton Mather, is becoming a myth to the majority of even his orthodox contemporaries. He is the stanch, courageous representative of a worn-out idea.

In a narrow, logical sense he is nearer right than many of his more liberal confrères; but history is always busy setting aside the logic of the text-books with one higher. Human life and experience are larger facts than any that can be demonstrated in a syllogism. There are many truths that can not be compressed to this particular form, that overrun and set at nought its two premises and conclusion. Therefore we think the orthodox promoters of the scheme of a World's Religious Congress, though less self-consistent than those who, like Dr. Johnson, decline to identify themselves with it, far more in the right. Understanding the intellectual processes which give rise to this feeling of distrust against this movement, we can not but respect his feeling, as we certainly must admire the courage with which he expresses it, but we can not profess greatly to respect the processes themselves. Dr. Johnson talks in the phraseology and spirit of the middle ages, when every believer was a mailed soldier, and men were not so much persuaded as compelled to partake of the divine life. The world is but little interested in the preaching that attempts to establish any religion upon its rightful claim to antagonize every other, to set up a human brotherhood on any theory of one man power, even of Jesus, whom so many call "the Christ." The significance of this phrase is losing daily. The image of the man grows in human love and belief every year, but the miraculous element is as rapidly fading away here as in the realm of thought generally. The able divine from whom we have quoted, and those who think and speak as he does, endeavor vainly to uphold a decaying system of thought; to inspire men with ideals of duty and forms of faith that have no place in the mental workshop of to-day, that only weary where they do not amuse, and that instead of promoting the cause of religion, mar and hinder it, bringing it into reproach in all rational minds, delaying the growth of a true and living religious sentiment among men.

C. P. W.

## Woman as a Wage-worker.

For several years past we have received the annual reports of the Michigan Bureau of Labor with much interest. Each number has contained something of timely importance or of permanent value for those interested in the welfare of labor. The present number—"The Ninth Annual Report"—is no exception to the rule, as nearly half of the five hundred pages are taken up with a careful and fairly complete census of the female laborers in the principal industrial centers of that state. The canvass was made by trained agents who visited and questioned every laborer, so that the returns ought to be reliable. Over thirteen thousand persons were questioned, and the questions covered not only wages and hours of labor, but time lost, health, age, nationality and surrounding circumstances of home-life as well as personal matters, like the wearing or not wearing of corsets. The dress reformers will be interested to learn that one in fifty of these laborers answered that they did not wear that modern mode of torture. All the rest either wore the article or refused to answer the question. And yet, over half of the whole number canvassed, reported that they had to stoop at their work, while another quarter said they had to reach up. But in spite of this, their health was reported as bad in less than a thousand cases, and less than a fourth lost any time through sickness the past year. The hours of labor were ten in over half the number. Only one thousand reported more than ten, while five thousand reported less than that time.

Perhaps the most interesting tables are those relating to the age of these wage-workers. The vast majority of them are young, if their statements on that point can be trusted. Over ten thousand of them—more than three-fourths of the whole number are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six. There are two thousand reported over those limits and only one thousand under them. The youngest laborers are one girl at nine and two at eleven. These figures show conclusively how brief a period of youth is devoted to wage-earning by women. And the tables of the years spent in laboring state the same fact still more directly. By far the larger number report that they have served only two years as wage-workers. And the small proportion of wives and widows among them tells the same story. Only one in thirty has a husband and only one in fifteen has ever had one. The overwhelming majority are unmarried girls, living at their own homes, as three-fourths of them say they do.

In nationality two-thirds are of foreign parentage. Of those reporting both parents dead the great majority are of native ancestry, while the majority of those reporting both parents living are of foreign descent—showing that the children of natives rarely work out unless they are orphans; though the compiler draws the curiously mistaken inference that the native parents are shorter-lived than the foreign.

Upon the whole, the condition of female wage-workers in Michigan is a remarkably wholesome one. Family life is shown to be the rule. The man is the wage-worker while the woman is the home-maker. Less than one in a hundred of the women in Michigan over sixteen is working outside of her home. The remaining ninety and nine are safe in the fold of marriage, and only one in a hundred of those that do labor thus, continue it for as long a period as seven years, while only one in a thousand has served at wage-earning for a period of fifteen years. And only one in a hundred has reached the age of forty-five. The great bulk of the wage-workers, according to this report, is composed of a small number of orphans of American parentage and a large number of girls of foreign parentage who spend two or three years of their life between the ages of sixteen to twenty-six in working out, many of them not because they have to, but because they prefer the change and the independence. But the vast majority—a thousand to one—disappear from the ranks of the wage-workers before the age of thirty, becoming, there is every reason to believe, wives and mothers, as nature intended that all women should. During their brief period of wage-working they receive an average of eighty cents a day—just about half the average day's pay for men in Michigan at this time. Probably they earn somewhat less than the men on the average. But the reason for their receiving the pay they do—as is shown clearly by the foregoing facts—is that, as a rule, they are unmarried girls living at home. They do not support a family, each one has only herself to support. While on the other hand, each man, as a rule, does have a family to support, and the employer who hires him has to pay for clothing and feeding and sheltering, not one person, but three or four.

The rest of this report, though less interesting, is valuable and instructive. There is the usual chronicle of the year's strikes, and also some excellent tables on taxation and on the ownership of real estate in Detroit. The funds of the state are well spent in compiling and publishing and distributing such a work as this.

A. W. G.

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## Men and Things.

A BOOK containing Mrs. Livermore's pic ure and selections from her writings is preparation. It will be copyrighted by t Massachusetts W. C. T. U.

ONE of our city daily press says: "T Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford, late of Boston, attracting the attention of London, by h sermons at Roslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstea where he had been installed as minister."

APROPOS of too much nearness, and closeness of neighborhood that involves i evitable domestic and political disputes, o of the daily press calls Norway and Swed the Minneapolis and St. Paul of the o world.

THE last picture upon which Meissoni worked is now on exhibition in London. is a water-color study of a soldier on hors back, done on the top sheet of an ordina water-color block, and was found near t painter's bedside after his death.

MRS. HOPKINS-SEARLES' $5,000,000 cast at Great Barrington, Mass., is now deserte and it is thought will eventually be made State institution. An exchange thinks th "as a home for demented old ladies would not fall far short of its original use.

IT is reported that Rudyard Kipling ha lived to feel as Charles Dickens did—th his earlier impressions of America were mi taken ones, and, we are told, he is now r vising them in a form which will be mo creditable to his judgment and more just t a country which he tried to sneer at.

THE Pope has sent a letter of special r quest to the Cardinal Archbishop of Par to instruct the French clergy to cease a opposition to the Republic. In return th Republic, it is understood, will relax its r strictions upon religious bodies, and gra the clergy more liberty for instructions.

A PROMINENT confectioner in London, shown by a London paper, conspicuousl advertises "American Confectionery" an "American cake, unequaled for delicac and richness." American coufectione when they have invented and manufacture anything particularly fine usually display as "French." The *Chicago Woman's Ne* asks "Why not instill some of that patrio ism which is not ashamed to recognize th honor and achievements of native country?

THE ladies of Mansurah in Egypt hav presented a memorial to Sir Evelyn Baring calling attention to the overworked cond tion of the girls employed in the cotto ginning factories of that town, who durin the season have to work sixteen hours day. No Egyptian law exists regulatin the hours of labor, and under the condition now existing none could be enforced agains foreigners until special assent had been r ceived from every foreign state having rela tions with Egypt.

MR. SPURGEON'S private secretary, w learn, denies that the words used on th great preacher's coffin really were his las words: "I have fought a good fight, I hav finished my course, I have kept the faith. Such a declaration, Mr. Harrild says, woul not have been in accordance with the Chris tian humility of his pastor. Mr. Spurgeo at the beginning of his illness, said to hi one day, "My work is done;" but in th later part of his illness he was nearly alway unconscious, and was unable to give an word of farewell.

RABBI SCHINDLER, of Boston, says: "Re ligious services have been so degraded th they are often not more than a sacred co cert with a lecture added. People abse themselves and offer all kinds of flims excuses. It may not be long before th most advisable thing would be to send t the members of a congregation the printe sermon of their minister. But discouragin as are the conditions at present, I do n fear for the future, but rather think th religious forms will improve as soon as th weights which now bear them down a removed."

THE *Tribune* commenting on the rece discussion in the *Critic* of the question woman's creative faculty, says it becom matter of doubt whether women possess t reasoning faculty, to judge from the arg ments of one writer, Miss Seawell. "Mi Seawell's thesis, which denied creative ge ius to her sex, resolves itself into a questi of definition and a question of fact. H definition of the creative faculty was framed as to exclude George Eliot; we w not say it was framed with that vie Under such a definition one could not a cribe creative genius to Lowell, Wagne Thackeray, perhaps not even to Goethe Beethoven. On the question of fact s seems to regard "woman has not created as equivalent to "woman can not create and even so, her induction is palpably i complete. Her opponents, however, i stead of placing the burden of proof whe it belongs, have defended their sex wi more animation than force. The climax reached when Miss Seawell disposes Sappho by remarking that she has nev learned Greek, but that she does n't thi much of Sappho anyway."

## Contributed and Selected.

### Truth and Freedom.

'he Truth is yours and it shall make you free."
spake the teacher in rapt prophecy;
as, how well this other text is learned,
om prophets stoned and faithful martyrs burned,
Truth alone can make us free in sooth,
eedom alone can give us perfect Truth.

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

*Marblehead, Mass.*

### he Unitarian Faith a Faith to Live By.

The allegation that the Unitarian th is a faith to think by, but not to e by, is a common one. Those who not find the needed spiritual sustence in the liberal church are those o are still in the transition state. hen the upheaval consequent upon e change from the old faith to the w, takes place, spirituality, or that ality of mind which worships, trusts d takes cognizance of its relation to e divine life, fails to ascertain its arings, or more accurately, perhaps, lls out of correspondence with its vironment; and the inner life is not stained and strengthened for outer nflict. The magnet which points er to the north star has its counterrt in the human soul; the spiritual nse which points ever to the higher titudes of thought and feeling is ld unerringly true by the spiritual rrents which environ and sustain it. nd though it be conceded that spriality is emotional in its nature, it is e emotions that move the world. erely arriving at the logical conclon that slavery was wrong would t have benefited the slave, had not ick sympathy and righteous indigtion been there to move the millns who had so long tolerated it.

There are many who have, religusly, wrought a demonstration in gic but have not yet learned its true ilosophy—its application to their vn lives. If the emotional nature is t brought into conformity with the gical conclusions of the mind witht functional loss there is left a void d an unrest which renders life untisfactory. Spirituality does not ange with changing faith, nor need suffer this loss. When the overrdened spirit is faint and athirst, the me fountain of spiritual strength vaits only the uplifting of the heart furnish the needed draught. Those ho have failed in finding this are in eed of sympathy and help; though one can "smite the rock" and bid waters flow *for* them, a word which ounsels patience and courage, or of sistance, given the mental processes hich point the way might prove inluable, for this is something that ust be thought out individually. It natural to turn from the questionng of native faiths to that of native stincts. That many have failed to asp the larger meaning of a basis of ith which reason can not question, is oubtless the cause of the tendency of any children of liberal parents to avitate toward evangelical faiths.

The child is nearer the heart of ings than those who have traveled rther on life's journey. They are ore sensitive to the infinite presce, and with imagination large d reason only partially developed, e sophistry which promises to satfy the ever-present spiritual hunger eagerly grasped and life on this asis begun; and a sweeter, more tisfying life it is to them, than the y husks of doubt and negation hich are the spiritual stock and ore of those who have taken up eir abode in the transition state. ut when reason assumes the scepter, it eventually must in every life at is true to itself, the uprooting of iths and habits of thought, are hard endure, and would seem cruel, did we not know that just across the portage lies the broader stream, upon whose deep and peaceful bosom may be caught glimpses of the great ocean beyond.

ALICE BALL LOOMIS.

### Teachings of Christian Art.

Francois Millet, who died in 1876, was a painter of the deepest religious feeling, who achieved for the peasantry of France an even greater work than Edouard Frere. He was brought up in a pure and simple religion. "*Eveille-toi, mon petit Francois,*" his mother used to say to him, "*Si tu savais comme il y a longtemps que les oiseaux chantent la gloire du bon Dieu.*" In later years his friend, the old Abbe, asked him:

"Ah, dear Francois, is it you? And the Bible, have you forgotten it? And the psalms, do you ever read them still?"

"They are my breviary," said Millet, "I get from them all I do."

While he was yet a young man he saw one of his pictures, in the modern French style, in a window, and observed its bad effect on two young observers.

"If you consent," he said to his wife, "I will do no more of these pictures. Life will be harder than ever, and you will suffer; but I shall be free to work as I have long wished."

"I am ready," said his wife. "Do as you will." His peasant mother nobly said to him: "Francois, follow the example of that man who said: 'I paint for eternity.'"

His fate was that of all men who rise above the conventions of their contemporaries. Cruel attacks and cold neglect embittered his whole existence, and made him curse the day he was born. He once lived for a fortnight on thirty francs which were the price of a sign-board. On another occasion he was forced to sell six drawings for a pair of shoes, yet he retained his patience, and wrote: "The children have not suffered; until to-day they have had food."

Determining not to be defeated in the effort to follow the promptings of his own pure genius, he went to his native Barbizon and worked for twenty-seven years in the obscurity of a provincial village. When his "La Morte et le Bucheron" was rejected at the Salon, "They wish," he exclaimed, "to drive me into their drawing-room art. No, no! A peasant I was born, a peasant I will die. I will say what I feel, and paint things as I see them." And again he wrote: "Life burdened with a family and debts and disappointments is a sad thing. We come to understand those who sighed for a place of refreshment, light and peace. One sees why Dante makes some of his people call the ways they spent upon the earth 'the time of my debt.' Well, let us hold out as long as we can. I have a settled weariness, but no anger against any one. I do not think my lot is worse than that of others, but I am afraid I am getting tired out."

And once more: "Always evil! When will the good come? Oh, life, life, how hard it is at times! And how we need our friends and heaven to bear it! When will it come, who will say to me, as to the cripple, 'Arise and walk?' All is passing and we are passing too."

It is hardly to be wondered at that, under these circumstances, many of his pictures are deeply tinged with sadness. "It is the human side of art which touches me most," he said; "the gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is; I have never seen it. The gayest thing I have known is the calm, the silence which is so sweet. It is like the impression of La Fontaine's wood-cutter. What pleasure has he had since he came into the world? 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread.' Is this the gay, jovial work which people would have us believe it is? Nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry."

But in the midst of this sadness the glory and beauty of nature brought him consolation. He used to lie on the heather, crying: "My God, how good it is under thy heaven!" "Come, and let us see the sunset, and I shall feel better." "There lies the truth," he said, leaning on his garden gate, as he watched the sun go down over the plain in a flame of fire, "let us fight for it." "They tell me I see no charms in the country. I see much more than charms; I see infinite glories. I see, as well as they do, the little flowers of which Christ said that 'even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' I see the aureoles of dandelions and the sun which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well the steaming horses in the plain, and I see a man, all-worn, who tries to straighten himself to breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty. It is not my invention. This 'cry of the ground' has been heard long ago."

Michael Angelo had taught him that art could cause this intensity of feeling. Seeing Michael Angelo's drawing of a man in a swoon, he said: "I touched the heart and heard the speech of him who has haunted me all my life. I saw that he who had done this could with a single figure personify the good and evil of all humanity."

Hence, he taught the world, as in his noble pictures, "The Angelus" and "The Sower," that the French peasant, even while engaged in the humblest occupation, was still and pre-eminently a fit subject for art. He saw the dignity of labor, and knew by bitter experience the secrets of the poor. The hardships and monotony of toil, the patient endurance which came of long habit touched his innermost soul; and with true prophetic insight he felt the deeper meaning that lies under it all—the eternal destiny of the human race, the age-long struggle of man with nature which will endure while summer and winter, seed-time and harvest shall follow each other. — *Archdeacon Farrar, D. D.*

### One Kind of Mother.

The other day there was a certain mother somewhere in Chicago who thus addressed her little son:

"Well, Tommy, don't you want to catch some sparrows and earn some money?"

"You bet," replied the tender babe at her knee, "but I don't know how to catch the darned things."

"I will help you, my dear," replied the noble matron. "Just run around the corner and buy a half pint of gin; then we will soak some oats in the liquid and watch the result."

So the gentle boy ran around and purchased gin, and the worthy mother soaked the oats and scattered them broadcast on the street. And it came to pass that certain little sparrows, resting awhile from their frightful depredation by reason of the cold, beheld the grain as it fell upon the white bosom of the earth, and gathered around to eat it; and they ate until the fumes of the gin ascended into their small but malicious brains so that they became drunken and reeled to and fro, falling prone upon the earth. Then the boy, cheered on by his blessed mother, went forth and wrung their necks, rejoicing greatly at the profit of two cents per capita. Now, are n't you glad that there are such mothers, such lovely examples and such resultant boys? Are n't you glad that the cause of Satan is advanced on the earth by such easily instilled lessons in cruelty, viciousness and gain? By and by, when that boy grows up to be a sot and ends his career by knifing a comrade in a saloon, and strangling at the end of a hangman's rope, perhaps the spirit of such a painstaking and admirable mother may have a little loophole in the sky whence she can look downward and see the results of her lovely teachings. —*Amber.*


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They ought to be fat; their nature is to be fat.

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## The Philosophy of Contact.

A Discourse by Emil G. Hirsch. Reprinted from *The Reform Advocate.*

Biblical Selection: Prov. xxvii.

"Iron is sharpened by iron, and one man sharpens the edge of another." In these homely words, in a homely illustration, the Biblical author clothes a principle, yea, a philosophy, whose depths and far-reaching consequences modern man only begins fully to understand, and truly to appreciate. The last time I had the great honor of being listened to by you, I attempted to impress the truth that distinctness, with its consequent distinctions was one of the mighty levers of progress; one of the strongest roots of moral life. To-day, I ask you to be kind enough to follow me as I watch and trace the lines on the reverse of the medal. Hillel's words are as applicable to-day as they were when they first fell from his lips: "If I am not a personality in myself, who can bring personality to me, but if I am merely by myself, what am I?" We are dependent one on the other. However high we may rise, however fully we may develop as an individuality, as a strong personality, we still are in need of the help, the co-operation of our fellow-men. . . . In the material world it is easily shown that one is dependent on the other. Certainly where civilization has reached its highest possible unfolding, the fact is patent that one man, however great, however vast his resources, however fertile his brain to meet emergencies, is helpless. One man is no man. The least implement we use links us at once to the millions that we so often forget and would overlook. Through how many hands did pass but a little pin to which we attach no value; how many processes does the worthless toothpick represent, that we throw aside after using; how many exchanges does the least little button recall that we, without much ado or thought about its value, sew on to our garments; and if these little things prove how close is the relation of man to man, and how far-reaching is the dependence of man upon man, need words be piled on each other to prove that in the greater things this relation exists still more potently and this interdependence is a most vital factor? . . . Nor is the material world the only one to spell the law of interdependence; the mental domain acknowledges its supremacy, as well. Mind is dependent upon mind. This, too, is easily grasped. No one will imagine that without the help of some mind, not his own, he is able to amass, or will claim that ever he has gathered knowledge. The self-taught men, too, have needed to borrow from others. Every book that we study, is a teacher. In every line that we read, another man's mind lends itself to our use and to our profit. The recluse sitting in his secluded cell is only able to enrich his own mind, if into his solitude come the messengers from the outer world and from other men, in the guise of printed books or of written epistles. Mind is indeed sharpened upon mind, as iron is sharpened by iron.

What is the charm and the secret of power of a German university course? Wherein lies the difference between a German university and those institutions that, as a rule, in this country are called universities? In this country the whole educational system is based upon the presumption that the teacher transmits knowledge to the pupil, and the pupil merely has to receive; that learning is exclusively a receptive process. This faulty notion runs through our grammar schools, our high schools and our colleges, and many a graduate from even an old college, comimg home with his sheepskin, shows the stamp of that process in his whole mental attitude. He knows everything because he believes that by absorbing certain things and facts he has within him all that is necessary to be controlled of the vast stores of rich knowledge. In the German universities the intercourse of mind with mind is the essential. It is true, German professors as a rule "teach" but little. Some of them are the worst teachers that can be imagined. There are no lessons assigned, no recitations had, no marks given, and scarcely anything that approaches what we call our examinations here. But what there is, is the personal intercourse of professor with his pupils. The professor opens his mind to the eye of the pupil. He shows him the methods which must be followed, by which he works. One who sits at his feet, if well prepared, brings home from his studies, not as so many suppose, a trunk full of sermons that he has merely to learn by heart and to deliver with aplomb and eloquence and in fine language; he carries away no ready material, but a mind that understands how to learn, how to proceed in the amassing of knowledge, where to go in order to find the material, and after having found the material, how to work it; what is necessary and what is not necessary, what is essential and what is incidental. As iron sharpens iron, so does mind sharpen mind; it is this process of reciprocal sharpening that is the salient feature of the German system of university training.

In the mental atmosphere, then, the law of contact is supreme. In the moral world, however, there be those that deny the efficacy for beneficial results of contact of soul with soul. A whole system of ethics was built on the theory that morality was not possible in conflict and in contact with the wicked world. The monk was forbidden free intercourse with man. He was counseled to leave this world with all of its temptations and to confine himself in a life of prayer and contemplation, in a life of seclusion within the narrow walls of the hermit's cell. This theory of ethics started with a presumption that human nature by birth, in consequence of original corruption, was evil. What human soul could communicate to human soul in contact with itself was but evil. There is no doubt that evil influences may come from evil association. Yet, in the strained and exaggerated general form in which the evil is emphasized in Christian morality, truth is not husked. Nor is it correct, as so many modern writers from the Darwinian point of view insist, that circumstance is the determining factor of our moral character. These men stand almost on the same platform as do their antipodes, the men of the church. . . .

Circumstance, then, is a factor, but it is not the determining quantity. There is in man something which gives him the power to shape circumstances to his own use, and there is in man something which gives him the strength to resist what is called temptation, the influence for evil of his surroundings. But for all this, though man himself, his own individuality, and as I have often explained, the consequence of individuality, his own responsibility, are the determining powers, yet must it be said, even in the moral life, man is dependent for the richest results of his moral nature upon the contact and the intercourse with other human beings. In this contact and intercourse we always receive more than we give. Perhaps you have read George Eliot's novel "Silas Marner." If you have, you remember this character, sordid, without any higher ambition than to hoard gold, soured by disappointment, and finding life's rhythm only in the chink of the gold he has laid aside. Without love and without light his life's days are passed, until by some chance a little girl is found by him, a waif of the streets. He takes her, he knows not in consequence of what impulse, to his own house and to his heart, and the love which this child brings to him, this love alone changes his character; it bestows on him something which he did not possess before. So in every case those on whom we lavish love or devotion, in return give us more than we could shower upon them. The woman who has no children is not to be envied, but to be pitied; she lacks a joy which mothers alone may taste, for rich as are the gifts of mother to son, the child confers a blessing still greater upon the parent. Woman's own moral nature is enriched and deepened by the new responsibility that arises the moment she knows herself to be a mother. For every responsibility to be assumed, we are made richer. Responsibility is relation to other men. And in the moral world, too, it holds good that, as iron is sharpened by iron, so is the edge of morality of one, sharpened by contact with his neighbor. Bret Harte brings this out forcibly in a sketch of his, which you perhaps have read. You remember the story of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." He introduces us to rude miners, gamblers, whose words were always profanity, whose breath was always reeking of the fire-water's fumes, without any consideration one for the other, ready to draw the knife at the least provocation, and valuing human life as little as they did the stone they crushed under the weight of their pick axes. By some chance or other comes into this camp a baby, helpless. These rough, profane miners adopt it, and at once their manners are changed. A certain air of tenderness even impresses itself upon the countenances of these callous gamblers; a certain atmosphere of quiet is spread at once over the camp, and a certain gentleness is manifested in their conduct, one toward the other. That little waif, the bundle of humanity, scarce able to lift its arms, crying and wailing, has worked a transformation in the habits, in the morals of the rudest ruffians, used to the hardships of frontier life and despising all the amenities of civilized conduct. They give to this waif care and attention; but they receive, morally weighed, much more than they did give. In the moral life, too, relation is necessary; upon it is based virtue.

This principle has great applications, and it must be guarded from misconceptions. The Biblical writer outlines well the real process in his simile. The method has little of gentleness. Friction is necessary to the birth of the spark hidden in the wood. Blows are required in order to change the brittle metal into elastic steel. The searching forces of the fire must be applied in order to cleanse off the dross. The process is oft an unpleasant one. Weak natures may deplore this, and, mistaking weakness for sinfulness, the old theologians have preached the doctrine that the moral life is securest in seclusion; but those that understand the full force of the thought, rejoice in the friction; covet the resistance on the one hand, and the attack on the other. This very process of malleting, and of hammering, of firing and of filing, of melting and of smelting, of cleansing and of clutching; this process is one of the greatest privileges that the human family does own. It renders in this interdependence, both factors to the process essential. One gives and receives, the other receives and gives in turn, and both are benefited by the action. Of course, sometimes this friction is exceedingly painful in more than one sense.

The following rabbinical parable gives a striking account of this: The oaks of the forest one day complaine to the handle of the ax: "Were not for thee, we would be safe fro the attacks of our enemy, the shar ened iron. That the iron cuts, we ca understand, and we will not fret abou it; but that thou, oh wooden handl made of our own limbs and branche shouldst lend thyself to the enemy, the bitter cause of our grief." Suc grief we meet in life. Who has n had the experience that the very one upon whom he relied, men of his ow family, sons and daughters of his ow parents, have turned against him The oaks in the forest breathe a con plaint most pungent. The handl hurt them, not the iron. But for a this experience, had the oaks consi ered less selfishly, they would hav come to the conclusion that even th handle, traitor to them, and in the se vice of the ax, did them a lasting se vice. To be a mere oak in a fores enjoying the sunshine, and proudl waving the crown in defiance at th storm, is fraught with little use in th grand economy of the world; but be cut down and to be turned into im plement or timbered into roofs, is th proudest achievement of the towerin oak. To lend itself to the service others, does even the treason of one the family render possible for it. Eve such defection works for the ends of grand law, and it is the law of th higher life. It is based on the philo ophy of contact. Without frictio and without disappointment the pr cess of refining can not run its cours It may be a painful process, but it is glorious one.

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom d
Welt."

Who will not think of this keen ob servation of Goethe? The golde grain ripens best, when storms an sunshine both urge it on to the ha vest. Washed by the tears of heave and warmed by its smiles, the flowe arrays herself in her robe of beaut Men, to be manly, can not be exotic artificially nurtured under protectio which is not natural and is free fro exposure. Goodness, untried and u tempted owns no laurel leaf. . .

The law of contact must not be fo gotten, either by those who have a interest in the life of humanity those who feel that they are the vi tims of bigoted prejudice. Prejudi is always consequential upon som violation of the law of contact. this world to-day has become less bi oted, it is because the intercourse man with man is more frequent. Di tance does no longer separate. In o very streets we jostle against th sons of the "realm of the centre"- China, and we may perhaps have chance to stumble against the child the Arctic North. Languages are i terchanged and literatures are tran ported from their original homes far-off skies. The life of foreign n tions is exposed in the full glare the midday sun. Throught his ex change and intercourse the shadow of bigotry have been put to flight, an the closer the contact the richer th result in true liberality and true ph lanthropy. We Jews have been s long the victims of prejudice becau we were not known, and those are th greatest enemies of Judaism who t day preach the doctrine that the Jev because he is distinct, must also b excluded from the world. Yea, th Jew is distinct and has to be distinc as I have often insisted; but this di tinctness which is in itself not yet distinction, ought not to lead to th false idea that it is conditioned self-seclusion. If we continue as w have begun, to exclude ourselves fro the world socially, we must not con plain that the old spirit of distrust us, to use no harsher term, will sti prevail. It may be an unpleasa contest, but it is a contest that mu be waged. We may be rebuffed an

jected a thousand times, but if it is e result of no action of ours, this re-ction should not affect our self-re-ect. We must again to the battle. 'e must renew the contest. We must ake the advances, and in no regard ust we stay by ourselves. Contact one does remove prejudice, and in-rcourse alone does disarm the big-ed and narrow-minded. Friends, it a serious duty which must not be irked. We receive much more than e can give. Believe me in this re-ıd, too, he who adopts the child, to se the figure suggested by the ex-erience of the miners, and by that of ıat miser of whom George Eliot rites—he who adopts the child, will ıd himself rewarded by a much cher measure of love within his own eart than he can wot of, before he akes the trial and stands the test. nd so it is in the intercourse of class ith class. That humanity must ave certain distinct lines, divisions which the grand common work ust be done, can not be denied. But ıe classes must seek the masses. By ontact alone is mutual distrust re-oved. It is the great mistake to-day many to hold that the classes who ould descend to the level of the asses are in danger of contamina-on. Friends, those that stand high, descending to those that are below, ill receive much more than they can ive. There is a movement in this ty, copied after a London institution -the Toynbee movement, that has roven the proposition. Those Ox-ord young gentlemen, scions of noble milies, learned in classic lore, who ent from the West End to White-ıapel and established the college set-ement, soon discovered that what the ıgged multitude whom they invited ıto their house could take from ıem, was in no measure as great as ıat which they, the pampered sons f dukes, received in return from the ıgged dwellers of the dingiest quar-ers of the most squalid section of that ovel-punctured and misery-visited ıetropolis. And such is the case verywhere; those of the higher lasses, if higher they be, who with a resumption of bringing something to ıe poor, "condescend" to go to them, vill speedily find that their work will nly prosper if they lay aside this pre-umption: they will discover to their stonishment that they become richer or the service they do to the poorest.

As iron sharpens iron, so does inter-ourse and contact sharpen the coun-enance and enrich the soul of man. As long as asceticism prevails in so-ial matters; as long as those that are istinct, refuse to see those that are yet n the state of the mass, both will suf-er and will be the poorer. But if hose who have, remember that they ıust give, but that invariably they eceive in turn what without giving hey would not own, social peace will e possible and the masses will be un-nassed, in consequence of the personal ontact with men and women who are n themselves distinct. For, remember, he law of distinction is service and ıot enjoyment.

To give you in a story the gist of ll my thought this morning, let me ecall to you the Talmudical Rip Van Winkle and his experience. The Tal-nudical Rip Van Winkle was a man by the name of 'Honi. He had also he power of bidding the clouds send lown their milk in the shape of rain. One day, the story goes, he went out nto the field and watched an aged nan plant a bread tree. He said to ıim, "Dost thou expect to live until his bread tree shall ripen and bring ruit?" and the man answered, "My grandfather before me planted a bread ree, and I have been sustained by the ruit of that tree. I plant now a tree hat my grandchildren may enjoy the same provision that was made for me before I was." Thereupon 'Honi Hamagel, the circle-conjurer, fell into a deep sleep and a rock hid him from the view of men. When he awoke he looked about and saw a lit-tle boy culling the fruit of the bread tree, and he asked him, "Where is your father?" "He is at home." "Did your father plant this tree?" "No, I am told my grandfather did." 'Honi looked about and found almost all the old familiar landmarks gone. He asked for the way to the town, and reaching town, inquired for his own house. They knew it not. He asked for his son's residence. None could give him the information. He asked finally whether there was any member of the family of 'Honi still alive. Thereupon he was conducted to his own house, now in the posses-sion of his grandson. He enters. They know him not. He gives his name. They laugh at him. They tell him to go his way, for 'Honi has been dead these many years, and his son, too, was dead, and they were the children of the son of 'Honi. He repairs sadly to the house of learning, the Beth Hamidrash; he listens to the disputa-tions of the rabbis. They know him not. No one rises, as was their cus-tom, to do him honor. He is a perfect stranger to them, and they are strang-ers to him, and in the course of the disputation he hears the statement made that a certain proposition was correct because 'Honi had laid down that Halakha as a law. Then he burst into the complaint: "Come death, I have no more friends in life with whom I could have intercourse. Give me friends or give me death!"

This Rip Van Winkle story of the Talmud, in all of its details, preaches, emphasizes, crystallizes the lesson which is brought out by the thought incorporated in the philosophy of con-tact. One man is no man. Man needs man. One man makes provision for another, and in making provision gives a little, through which he gets much more. Materially, mentally, we are connected one with the other. Materially, mentally and morally, those that have, must give to those that have not. Preju-dice can only be disarmed by close contact one with the other. Friction can not be avoided, but friction is the mother of the fire. Disappointment may lurk in the ambush and grief set in, as the blows fall. The handle oft is one that belongs to our kinship; but for all this, life is contact, and contact leads to conquest and victory, to possession of riches which in soli-tude can not flower, and which in se-clusion can not be guarded against destruction, partial loss, perhaps total waste.

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THE Puritan iconoclasticism which tore from church walls, pictures of the lovely Madonna, and gave images and rosaries and crucifixes to be burned; which built the desolate, bare, ugly meeting-houses of early New England, and scowled with Bradford on the Christmas games, was simply a declaration that the mul-tiplication of pictures and rosaries and images had not made men and women more truthful, upright, liberty-loving and self-denying; had not yet purified and ennobled human life in England. Perhaps they were doing the good work, but imperceptibly to the eager Puritans. Saints' days and rosaries, they said, will not bring a heaven upon earth. There are prob-ably enough dead saints in the calen-dar to make a saint's day of every day in the year. But what we need, brethren, is not so much days for the saints, as saints for the days.—*Har-per's Magazine.*

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WILL, when concentrated and di-rected, is an actual force—a motive power—like steam or electricity, only vastly superior to both.—*Praed.*

# The Study Table.

*The undermentioned books wil be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.*

*Poems.* By Edith Willis Linn. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. Cloth, 16mo.

One hesitates to take up a volume of poetry nowadays by a new and untried writer, but the reader who comes across Mrs. Linn's little book will be attracted by its contents and feel the desire to give them a fair reading. She writes with pleasing grace and true feeling, also with a closer observation of metrical rules and forms than we always find in the young poet. There is no doubt Mrs. Linn possesses the real poetic gift which deserves to win larger recogni-tion than it has yet attained. There are a few signs of immaturity in the thought, but it is the immaturity of an unusually pure and aspiring spirit, unfamiliar, through happy circumstance, with the more painful side of life or its deeper problems. Yet there are evidences of a thoughtful nature on every page. The poems abound with sentiment at once lofty and healthful, ex-pressed in easy flowing measure. The fol-lowing lines are a fair sample of the vol-ume's contents. We have marked others for future reprinting in UNITY when our space permits:

THE NEST.

Nest on the bough, thou art like my life.
Within I feel the fluttering wings,
The eager stir, the restless joy,
The longing after far-off things.

And shall my fate be such as thine?
Shall I behold my longings flown?
Shall I behold my fancies dead?
My hopes take wing and leave me lone?

Amid the flowers of southern lands
Our summer birds are heard again.
Heart hopes sing on, the world is wide,
But songs were never sung in vain.

*Darkness and Daylight.* By Rev. Lyman Abbott and Helen Campbell. New York: A. D. Worthington & Co.

This is a work of really fourfold rather than double authorship, the two additional names being those of Col. Thomas W. Knox and Inspector Thomas Byrnes of the New York Detective Bureau. Mrs. Campbell is, however, the principal contributor, and to those who know her "Prisoners and Pov-erty," the interest and value of the book are assured in the mention of the author-ship. We have here in a large quarto vol-ume, profusely illustrated, the story of "Darkest New York." The work is further entitled "A Woman's Story of Gospel Tem-perance, Mission and Rescue Work" and its general character and object are thus fully described. Those wishing to obtain the latest facts in regard to the social and economic conditions of life in the lower strata of ignorance, vice and poverty in a great city should read this book. The tale it tells is a harrowing one, but not wholly disheartening, for along with the misery and degradation it reveals, are those benefi-cent forces of light and healing drawn from the ranks of the more fortunate and merci-ful; and we see the redeeming spirit of love at work everywhere, under saddest dis-couragements often, but showing a divine faith and patience that can but win its re-wards some day.

*A First Family of Tasajara.* By Bret Harte. Bos-ton: Houghton, Mifflin. Cloth. Price, $1.25.

The author has given us a California story, with the surprising changes, quick move-ments and odd characters that belong to a new country, and which seem to belong to-gether there, as they would not anywhere else. One or two character studies are fine, especially that of Clementina who surprises the reader from beginning to end. The characters seem true to their "starting out," quite to the end of the story, and their movements are interesting, with touches of humor here and there that are delicious,—as, for instance, this bit of conversation be-tween Clementina and her young brother: "Which of those two surveyor fellows is it, Clemmy?" he said with an engaging smile, yet halting at a strategic distance.

"Is what?"

"Wot you're goin' to marry."

"Idiot!"

"That ain't tellin' which," responded the boy darkly.

A proof of the interest of the book lies in the fact that the reader is surprised that he has come to the end, and very much wishes he could know something more of several of the personages who are not "wound up" in true story-book style, but left to "go on" very much as they are in real life.

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## Periodicals.

WHETHER or not the author of "Reflec-tions of a Prisoner," in the *Andover Review* for March, has given an autobiographical sketch, he has preached as thrilling and impressive a sermon as ever appeared in print. It is the story of George Eliot's life repeated in a much deeper nature with capacity for repentance, and told with start-ling fidelity. Dr. MacDonald's digest of "Dr. Baer's Views on Drunkenness," will hardly win favor with Prohibitionists, and we expect to hear its chief heresy that "Beer is the greatest enemy of whisky" anathema-tized with becoming horror, nevertheless it is a compendious setting forth of wise suggestions for temperance reformers. Prof. Everbars's "Dudleian Lectures for 1891" might be entitled False Romanism and True Catholicism; its most significant sentence is this: "From my own study of the Refor-mation, there remains no impression clearer than this—that the aim of the reformers was not primarily the removal of external abuses in the church." The opinion of so compe-tent and unprejudiced a scholar carries great weight, but we should like to see a critical history of Luther written from that point of view.

A holy haze overhangs the paper by Rev. J. C. Adams on "The Christ and the Crea-tion," acceptable, perhaps, to wonted eyes but irritating to all who would see clear and straight. And is it not time that the popu-lar misunderstanding of Haggai's sentence about "The desire of all nations" should be corrected by clergymen who have the re-vised version and commentaries at hand? There is a breezy frankness about Mr. Beard's short essay on "Pessimism's Practical Sug-gestions to the Ministry" which is refresh-ing. Nothing else in this issue of the *Re-view* calls for especial mention, except the editorial on Religious Authority which, ac-cepting "Jesus Christ and his gospel as the essential truth of religion" and declaring that "whatever religious truth may be found in the constitution of man and in the structure of society is taken for granted in Christianity," shifts the question to a dis-cussion "whether it is possible to obtain correct knowledge of Him and His teach-ings." In other words a final authoritative revelation through Jesus is *assumed*, and the only question is whether we have a trust-worthy record of that revelation.

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## The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

**Methods and Organization in the German Schools.** By John T. Prince. Boston: Lee & Shep-ard. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 237, Price, $1.00.

**Recollections and Letters of Ernest Renan.** Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Cassell Pub. Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 327.

**Humanity in its Origin and Early Growth.** By E. Colbert. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 409. Price, $1.50.

**Gestures and Attitudes.** By Edward B. Warman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, quarto, pp. 422. Price, $3.00.

**Julius Cæsar.** By W. Warde Fowler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 389. Price, $1.50.

**Ecclesiastical Amusements.** By Rev. E. P. Mar-vin. Syracuse, N. Y.: A. W. Hall. Paper, 16mo, pp. 51. Price, 25 cents.

**Rasselas; Knickerbocker Nuggets.** By Samuel Johnson, LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 244. Price, $1.00.

**Sunday Flowers for Sunday Hours.** By Jennett Humphreys. London: Sunday-school Association. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 164.

**Some Children of Adam; Rose Library.** By R. M. Manley. New York: Worthington & Co. Paper, pp. 310. Price, 50 cents.

**The Rescue of an Old Place.** By Mary Caroline Robbins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo. Price, $1.25.

**The Abbess of Port Royal.** By Maria Ellery MacKaye. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 150. Price, $1.50.

**Peculiar.** By Epes Sargent. Boston: Lee & Shep-ard. Paper, 12mo, pp. 500. Price, 50 cents.

**Glimpses at the Plant World.** By Fanny D. Bergen. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 156. Price, 75 cents.

**William Morris.** Poet, Artist, Socialist. Social Science Library. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co. Paper. 12mo, pp. 300. Price, 25 cents.

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CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

# Notes from the Field.

**Quincy, Ill.,** March 29, 1892.—DEAR UNITY:—Agreeably with your request I drop a line as to the work in Illinois, which, little as it may seem, is taking up all my time and is steadily growing in its demands upon me.

On March 6, I visited Sterling where a circle was organized February 7. I found them heartily in earnest and full of determination to carry on the work of sowing the seed of our faith despite the discouragements of some lukewarm friends and the opposition of "our friends the enemy." An abstract of my sermon on "The Essentials and Non-essentials of Religion" was recently published in the Sterling paper, our friends hoping thereby to reach some who, as yet, have not mustered the courage to identify themselves with us. They are supplied with tracts, through the kindness of Mr. Forbush, and are scattering them judiciously in both Sterling and Rock Falls. They meet Sundays to read sermons by our best writers, and there is talk of taking up a course of study on the Bible or else in "Comparative Religions." I preach for them again on April 3.

On March 13 I preached twice, morning and afternoon, at Warren, to large and interested audiences, and, after a drive over the worst road I have ever traveled over, in the evening preached again to our friends at Nora.

The interest at both of these missions seems to be increasing, though as yet they lack organic and financial strength. I am yet hopeful that by and by they will be built up sufficiently to have a settled minister, but at present it seems to be the wiser plan to carry them along by missionary effort. Here too, I am hopeful of organizing classes for Bible study which shall reach out to others not immediately interested in our movement.

As a result of several weeks of correspondence with our Unitarians in Batavia, I preached in that beautiful little city on the afternoon of March 20. On the morning of the same day I occupied the Geneva pulpit for my friend Penney, who, only a few days before, had "married a wife." I found the Geneva people feeling exceedingly hopeful, quite in love with their minister and ready to love his bride also. Under Penney's wise and inspiring leadership a new vigor seems to have fired the people, and especially pleased was I to see so many interested young people. Their Unity Club is doing good work on an interesting and instructive programme for study. In the afternoon twenty-five of the Geneva people attended my service in Batavia, and with the eighteen citizens of the latter city made up a good audience. As yet it is too early to prophesy, but it seemed to be the determination of the interested ones to keep on with missionary effort in Batavia until either success or failure is assured. Personally, I have great hopes of Batavia and anticipate only success. No organization was attempted, but tract distribution will be carried on by the friends of our cause, and I am hoping that we may get arrangements for regular preaching perfected so that at least once a month, and possibly once a fortnight, they can have public services.

Last week was one of my busy weeks. Leaving Batavia I went to Princeton on Monday and met with the Sunday Circle in a social evening. Under the preaching of Mr. Skilling, from Lombard University, there seems to be not only greater homogeneity, but also a genuine revival of interest. New faces are to be seen in the Circle, and the movement is extending its influence. Indeed such was the spirit of the gathering on Monday night, that it may as well be said that it is no longer a movement that we have at Princeton, but an organized liberal society. A constitution was adopted, officers were elected, the old name of "The People's Association" was taken, and a committee was appointed to canvass for funds for the purpose of buying a lot and erecting a church. Of course it can not yet be said that a church will be built—that depends largely upon the success of said committee—but the will and determination, the faith and the hope are there and, in view of the helplessness of the work which a year ago I began there, I feel confident that they will not fail. It must be understood that the conditions at Princeton are peculiar. There can not be organized either a Unitarian or a Universalist Church; whatever organization is effected must be undenominational in name, but amongst all, Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Agnostics and Nondescripts there is a longing for a church which shall stand for a free faith, for a religion of character and untrammeled fellowship—a church which will foster a rational reverence and a reverent rationalism. I believe they will succeed.

Wednesday and Thursday I was in attendance upon the Council of the W. W. U. C. held at Moline, and was honored with two places on their programme; first, to present the missionary work and field in Illinois, and second, to speak in platform meeting upon our faith respecting Jesus.

On Friday I was in Streator and preached that evening to thirty-five people upon "Character in Religion." I had close and sympathic attention and at the close of the meeting distributed a large number of tracts to eager men and women. At the request of those most interested I consented to make them monthly visits for awhile to thoroughly test the possibilities of the place.

It seems an encouraging field and the character of the men and women promoting the effort is a guarantee that the work will be prosecuted vigorously and with high aims. There seem to be a good many people in Streator who find no nourishment in the husks of orthodox theology and who are becoming aware of soul famine which only the religion of Freedom, Fellowship and Character can satisfy. If we fail at Streator it will be because of the indifference or moral cowardice of those who ought to be with us; but I do not anticipate failure.

Last Sunday I was at Ottawa and I found the little circle there still full of life and pluck, planning still more vigorous work in the future, undaunted by rebuff, abuse, ridicule and indifference. Here, too, tract distribution is being carried on judiciously and the seed of our thought is slowly but surely taking root in thoughtful minds and earnest hearts. The Bible-class on Sunday evening is one of the pleasantest features of my monthly visits to Ottawa and is destined to achieve victories for us in the future. The spirit of love and reverence which the Ottawa circle puts into the work is sure to conquer in the end. Some day we shall have an Unitarian church there.

I guess this one month's work will do for a sample. Later I will report further.

Yours sincerely,
LEWIS J. DUNCAN.

**Hamilton, Canada.**—Up to about three years ago, Hamilton had no Unitarian society. At that time a congregation was formed, in charge of the Rev. J. C. Hodgins. The venture was successful, and we now have a church, or, more correctly, a guild-house; for it is intended, as soon as possible, to build the church proper, just in rear of and attached to the present building. The latter has two stories and a half. The total cost of lot and building, exclusive of the organ, given by the ladies, and of church furnishings, was $7,095.14, of which about $3,100 has been paid.

On Tuesday evening, the 22nd of March, the church was dedicated; and on Wednesday occurred the ordination and installation of the pastor, Rev. J. H. Long, formerly of Camden, N. J., and Spokane, Wash.

The programme on Tuesday evening was as follows: voluntary on organ; invocation by Rev. T. C. Jackson; reading of scripture by Rev. D. W. Morehouse; dedicatory prayer by Rev. W. C. Gannett; sermon by Rev. Robert Collyer, on "The Church of the Living God;" report of the Building Committee; greetings from other churches; hymn and benediction.

On Wednesday the programme was as follows: voluntary, invocation, by the Rev. Mr. Morehouse; scripture reading, by the Rev. S. R. Calthrop; hymn, by the choir; sermon, by the Rev. S. R. Calthrop; prayer, by the Rev. T. R. Slicer, of Buffalo; solo, charge to the pastor, by the Rev. T. C. Jackson; right hand of fellowship, by the Mr. Morehouse; charge to the people in the form of a letter from the former pastor, Rev. Mr. Hodgins; hymn, benediction. The sermon was on the text: "One Lord and his name one."

It was a cause of deep regret that the president of the society, Mr. Parker Bertram, was prevented by illness from attending the services. To Mr. Bertram, the success of the movement is very largely due.

The prospects of Unitarianism in Hamilton are now very favorable, and nothing has done so much to awaken interest in the movement as these services, and the presence of so many distinguished exponents of the liberal faith. J. H. L.

**Boston.**—The Unitarian Temperance Society held a notable meeting in the "Barnard Memorial, and its report shows an increase of membership, literature and usefulness.

—April 3, the seventieth birthday of Rev. Edw. E. Hale, was made a jubilee in many small and large associations in our city and vicinity.

—The "Monday Club" will next discuss "The New Unitarianism."

—The "Parker Memorial" will be soon utilized by the "Fraternity of Unitarian Churches" for some religious services and for practical church through the week.

—"The Young Man's Ideal" will be the topic of the next vesper service of the Union Course.

—Rev. Augustus Woodbury has resigned his pastorate in Providence, R.I., after a ministry of thirty-five years.

—A volume of fifteen sermons of Rev. Theodore Parker is just published. The sermons were given about the year 1840 in West Roxbury.

—The next "Old South Lecture" will be given by Mr. Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia, on the "Way to Make Citizens of the Indians."

**Geneseo, Ill.** — An item in the Geneseo *News* will interest the readers of UNITY: "Mrs S. C. Ll. Jones preached at the Unitarian church on Sunday morning. Rev. T. C. Grumbine's sermon on 'Moths' at the Unitarian church Sunday evening attracted a congregation that packed the house to the doors. We have heard Swing, Thomas and Beecher; but we never heard a better sermon than 'Moths.'"

—The Easter sale was a splendid success.

**La Porte, Ind.**—The *Daily Herald*, of this place, publishes a recent discussion by Mr. Somers, of the Unitarian church, on "Church and State," in which the speaker pleaded against the donation of state or national funds to sectarian institutions, using a proposed sixteenth amendment to the constitution as a text.

**Wichita, Kas.** — The Kansas Conference of Unitarian Churches will convene at this place April 25, and hold over the 26th. Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago, will preach the opening sermon. Programme will be published later.

**Seattle, Wash.** — The enterprise of this town is newly attested by the formation of a Bureau of Associated Charities. We are indebted to a friend for a copy of the constitution and by-laws.

**Great Hopes for Great Souls.**—An Easter sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Published in attractive pamphlet form by All Souls church. Price, 10 cents, postpaid. Apply to Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, at All Souls church, or address Mrs. B. C. Reed, Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

**Geneva, Ill.**—A friend writes us, speaking in terms of high commendation of a sermon recently delivered in the little Unitarian church at this place, the oldest in the state, by Rev. L. J. Duncan, who visited Geneva and Batavia in the interest of his missionary work.

**Headquarters:** — Rev. H. C. McDougal paid us a flying visit one day last week, and reported work going on successfully in his parish at Madison, Wis., both in the church and Unity Club.

THE surest remedy for the blues is Harry B. Smith's "New Don Quixote." It's full of jollity and good cheer. Send fifty cents for a copy to Brentano's, Chicago.

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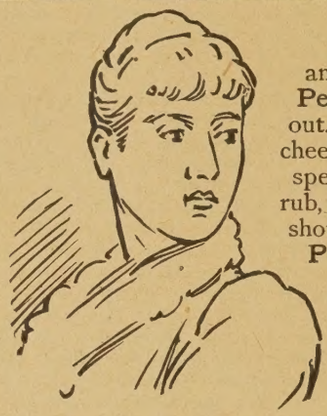

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and see the women who are using Pearline. It's easy to pick them out. They're brighter, fresher, more cheerful than the women who have spent twice as much time in the rub, rub, rub, of the old way. Why shouldn't they be? Washing with Pearline is easy.

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A FEW OF THOUSANDS OF SUCH TESTIMONIALS.

CLOVER BEND, ARK., Dec. 7, 1891.
DEAR SIRS—My name and address was inserted in your directory and I have received no less than 1000 parcels of mail containing my printed address and it still comes by every mail. I have tried ten other so-called directories, and I got three times as much mail from your directory as I did from all the others. I consider it the best 25 cent investment I ever made in all my life.
Respectfully, yours, A.W. YOUNG.

The samples, books and papers that I received, if bought and paid for would have cost me at least from $25.00 to $40.00. Your Directory in my esteem is the only reliable one that is printed. I have tried others with very poor results. Yours is the greatest of all directories. "It caps the climax." It is just simply wonderful. Success to you. G. P. CURTISS, South Willington, Conn.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec. 24, 1891.
A few months ago I had my name inserted in your mail directory and have already received over 1500 parcels of mail therefrom. I have received as many as thirty parcels in one mail, and on an average I receive about twenty-five parcels per day. OTTO BOETTCHER,

REIDSVILLE, N. C., Dec. 6, 1891.
DEAR SIRS—From only one insertion of my address in your Directory I have received more than 3,000 parcels of mail. The Gummed Addresses you sent out for me are coming in on my mail from all parts of the U. S. J. A. WARE.

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*Sun.*—The Father's pity mild,
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.
*Mon.*—Let me lift up my head
And firmly, as with inner courage, tread
Mine own appointed way, on mandates high.
*Tues.*—Let the man's mind awake to manhood's power.
*Wed.*—I face him as best I can, still groping here and there.
*Thurs.*—The years are coming yet
When I shall look and smile.
*Fri.*—Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching
Will peace draw near.
*Sat.*—Dare you accept, in humble part
Truth that shines on every heart?
* * * *
If you dare, come with us, be
Lost in love's great unity.
—*E. R. Sill.*

## "If I Had Known."

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening,
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
And harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger
And smiles for the coming guest;
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best:
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.
—*Margaret R. Sangster.*

## A Nursery View of It.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS DISCUSSED BY THE CHILDREN.

Alice is seven. She was visiting at Teddy's house in the country. Teddy is six. They were playing "keeping house" the other day when it rained.

"I'll be the father," said Ted, "and go to the office. You are the mother, you must stay at home and fit the dinner."

"No," rejoined Miss Alice, "I must go to business, too. My mamma always puts on her bonnet and goes to the office after breakfast." (Her mother is an editor.)

"Who dits the dinner at your house?" asked Teddy, thinking of his stomach.

"Nobody. We get things to eat at some restaurant or we have them sent in."

"Have n't you any kitchen in your house?"

"No; we have only mamma's room, the sitting-room, the study and my room. Don't you ever tell any one, but my room is just a corner of the study behind the screen."

Ted sat thinking. Then crossing his short, fat little legs, he said, with the air of a man who has thought much and deeply upon the woman question: "Well, when I dit married I shall have a kitchen in my house, and my wife shall cook the dinner. I fink it is funny for mammas to go to offices. I fink they ought to stay at home."

To which the small but progressive woman replied: "It isn't funny one bit. It's a good deal nicer than cooking dinners. When I am grown up I shall have a stylographic pen, wear it behind my ear, just like mamma. I am not quite sure, though whether I shall be a writer-woman or a doctor-woman like Aunty May."

Ted looked at Alice out of his big brown eyes, "I don't fink I'll marry you, then; I was finking I would, maybe."

"I don't care," responded Alice, flippantly. "I've wiped dishes once and I don't like to. You might cook your own dinner and see how you'd like it for awhile. My papa says he can make cocoa just as good as he wants it any day. I don't want to play house with you if you want me to cook dinners. You play you're sick and I'll div you some medicine. Let me feel your pulse; where's your tongue?"

The eavesdropper tiptoed to the door for a peep at these wise children. Alice was standing over Ted trying to keep her mother's eye-glasses on her pug nose. Ted was rocking a scrubby-looking rag-baby, and, judging by the dejected look on his rosy face, he felt that the years of servitude predicted by Alice had begun.—*New York Recorder.*

## A Smart Dog.

There is a dog we are all acquainted with, Lion by name, who gives daily proofs that he understands all that is said to him. A lady called the other day. During her call Lion came in, lay down on the parlor carpet and shut his eyes. The conversation went on, and the visitor said:

"What a handsome dog you have!"

Lion opened one eye. "Yes," said his mistress, "he is a very good dog, and takes good care of the children."

Lion opened the other eye and waved his tail to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel sure then that no harm can come to her," his mistress went on.

Lion's tail thumped up and down violently on the carpet.

"And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round and round with great glee.

"But," said his mistress, "Lion has one fault."

Total quiet of Lion's tail, together with appearance of great concern on his face.

"He will come in here with dirty feet and lie down upon the carpet, when I have told him time and again that he must n't do it."

Lion rose with an air of shame, and slunk out of the room, with his tail down.—*Selected.*

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THE COMING CLIMAX, by Lester C. Hubbard, published for the first time last December, is now well along in its second edition. Its enthusiastic reception in all parts of the country is most gratifying, and scarcely a day passes without some new and strong word of recognition for the book. We quote the following sentences from a recent letter, by the well-known writer, Mr. Henry D. Lloyd:

I have just returned from California, and one of my first occupations and pleasures has been to read "The Coming Climax." It has filled me with profound feeling. It is a passionate outcry against national sins, and an eloquent, enlightened, conservative plea for the change of heart and the practical reform that would make us whole. No one can read it and fail to be moved with the emotion of its author. Its literary method is so fine that the book would attract attention on that score if no other. The author's command of felicitous quotation and telling incident excites my admiring envy. If our time does not listen to such warning and pleadings of a great spirit of love, it must pass on to disaster. "The Coming Climax" ought to have hundreds of thousands of readers and it no doubt will.

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